

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
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For The Dayspring.

GRACE'S TRIALS.

PART SIX.

CHAPTER XII. — *A Dark Evening.*

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

RACE and her friend, meanwhile, saw the afternoon passing away, and the rain beginning again, with some dismay. Even Hopestill allowed that she could not quite understand it. There was time for Mattie and Jessie to have informed half the village.

"It will not be much more lonely for us to stay here," said Hopestill, "than it has been before, since father was away; but you may find it hard to spend the night alone here. Only, Grace, please don't feel sorry that you came, for you have been more help than I can tell."

Seeing tears in Hopestill's eyes, Grace could not help shedding a few herself; but she was a little ashamed of them.

"I should not mind," she said, "if I could only think how it has happened, and what has become of everybody. It can't be that the freshest has risen and swallowed up Jessie and Mattie and all the family!"

Hopestill tried to laugh, too. "It looks so peaceful down there, that I can't think it," said she. "But we may as well begin to plan for the night; for, when your father does come, he won't think to take you away so late, and in such a rain! You shall sleep in the room next to mine. And we must first do something about supper. There is some bread left for toast, and mother will be happy enough with that and another cup of the tea that you found. Then I do think that there is some rice in the house, and I will try my best to make some flapjacks for the rest of us. Should

not you like some flapjacks? or what will you have for supper?"

Grace's spirits rose again. "It is like acting the Robinson Crusoe family on a desert island," she said. "I begin to agree with Jessie, that it is real fun!"

"Well, if you will entertain the children again," said Hopestill, "I will see to the supper. As to mother, she has had a better sleep this afternoon than I have known her to have this long time. I think it has been good for her to hear some cheerful voices about her."

Grace did not venture to think of the approaching night and the rats again; but she took the baby once more, and again began to entertain Benny with talk, much as she was in the habit of talking with Molly and Dolly at home.

Hopestill came to her, as it began to grow more dark.

"I think we ought to have some kind of illumination," she said, "now that the rain is gathering in. It is beginning to look very black and dark; and if anybody should come up to look for us we ought to let them know where we are. I think we had better put some lights in the windows, towards the road. I am thankful I got some kerosene the last time I went down to the village. It is all good Deacon Jones's doing, to be sure. He insisted on bringing me up a large can, instead of contenting himself with filling my little one. He said it did not pay to fill up the little can, and my father had been such a good customer of his, he wouldn't let us economize on kerosene."

So the girls busied themselves with setting lamps on the broad window-seats of the windows that looked toward the road. And, soon after, Hopestill had her supper ready. Grace wondered to herself whether they were eating the last food there was in

the house. But she did not ask the question. If Hopedill could be so cheerful, she would not disturb her; and both she and Benny enjoyed the flapjacks to their heart's content. They had, too, some delicious maple syrup for them, just borrowed from an old woman's jug, like that Jessie had been enjoying the same afternoon; but Hopedill explained it was given to her by Mrs. Dermott, who used to live in the house on the other side of the road.

"When she came to move away," said Hopedill, "she brought me a jug of maple syrup and some potatoes that she did not care to trouble herself with. I have been saving up the maple syrup for a grand occasion, and I don't believe I shall have a better chance for it than to-night."

"I was wondering who lived in that house on the other side of the road," said Grace. "I did not see anybody in it, as I was looking across to it this afternoon. I thought if anybody came to it to-night, it would seem pleasant and neighborly."

"So it would, indeed," said Hopedill; "and if the Dermotts were living there yet, I should not have been in any trouble. But they moved away ten days ago, and we have been left really without any neighbors."

"How lonely it must have been," said Grace.

"It did not seem so," said Hopedill; "for I went down to school every morning, and did not come back till noon; and mother has been well enough to keep about downstairs, till within a day or two,—and I have been so very busy all the time. We had, too, Ariane Simpson stay with us a little while after father left. She is a seamstress, you know, and was out of work for a while; but she has got a run of work just now, and has been away a day or two."

By this time, Grace and Hopedill had washed up the tea things, and Benny and the baby were put to bed; and Hopedill left Mrs. Summers comfortable for the night.

"What do you do in the evenings?" asked Grace.

She could not help thinking at this moment of the family at home: of the crowd there was round the parlor-table in the evenings, round the centre gas-light; of her mother sitting one side by a basket of stockings, Margaret by the piano, Hester with a book on the table and a large German dictionary by the side, Gerald and some friend poring over a pile of books, and that tiresome Jack trying to tease her somewhere.

Well, he did not have her to tease to-night. Was he wondering where she was? Were they all sitting down to their evening occupations, when they none of them knew where she was? No, she could not believe that! Her mother must be anxious, her father must be out looking for her. Even Gerald could not stay by his books; Jack would be glad of an excuse to be off; and neither Margaret nor Hester could content themselves with music or German, in such an uncertainty.

"I will tell you what I think is my greatest treat of an evening," said Hopedill; "and, since you are here, I think I must indulge in it. Most of my evenings I spend in sewing. I have been finishing up some work that Mrs. Lewis is to pay me for, and I have been obliged to keep at it steadily."

"But what is your treat?" asked Grace. "I am ashamed to say I could not help you much about the sewing."

"Oh, my treat is to read some Virgil!" exclaimed Hopedill. "I did get a chance to read some last night, when I

found I could not sleep. I got to such an interesting part, — in the *Æneid*, — I must tell you the story. It was of two friends, — Nisus and Euryalus, — one of them drew the enemy's weapons upon himself so as to save his friend."

"That is just what we planned for us crusaders to do," said Grace, stifling a sigh. "I wish you would read about it."

The two heads were soon bent over the book, and Hopedill was explaining to Grace the words she did not know. It was late in the evening; a heavy rain was beating against the window, drowning all other sound outside, when there came a sudden, piercing shriek, that made itself heard above all the rattle and clatter of the storm.

Both of the girls started.

"What is that noise?" asked Hopedill.

"It is Jack's voice!" exclaimed Grace, suddenly; "only Jack could make exactly that kind of noise!"

CHAPTER XIII. — *The Rescue.*

HOPESTILL and Grace hastened to the window that fronted on the road. All seemed black and dark at first; they could not distinguish any thing, but the voices and cries sounded louder, and presently they discovered some lanterns moving about upon the bank.

"What a black crowd!" said Hopedill; "I should think the whole town had come."

"Perhaps they have," said Grace; "they may have been waiting to collect the town."

Hopedill went to a window more sheltered from the storm, and succeeded in raising it. On that side, too, they were very near the road, and could plainly hear voices.

Yes. Dr. Lester was there, and Jack, and many of their neighbors.

"Grace," said Dr. Lester, "we think we can get across here, as the distance is less, and some of the men find they can wade over to the house. They will lay some boards across, to the back piazza, so that the passage will be easy, and we will bring you all back."

"O Dr. Lester!" said Hopedill, "Grace must go to you, but the rest of us can pass the night here very comfortably. It rains quite too hard for us to think of getting mother away."

"We shall see," said Dr. Lester. "I have brought a chair to lift her out in. We have thought of every thing. It is not safe for you to stay here another night. They are fitting up the Dermott house for you to-night, and Grace had better stay there with you, if she will."

By this time, Jack had somehow scaled the side of the house, and Grace was embracing him with an ardor she never would have suspected in herself.

"I knew you would come at last," she said, "but what did keep you? Could not Jessie find you? Where is she?"

"Where is she, indeed?" answered Jack; "I should like to have you find her! Gerald has gone in search of her; for our last report was that you had gone down the river, in a boat, with her and Sol Sykes."

"O Jack! what do you mean? what could you think?" cried Grace; and more questions would have followed, but that her father appeared at this moment.

The shouts and screams by this time had roused not only Mrs. Summers, but Benny and the baby. Grace had to go and help Hopedill soothe them all.

Mrs. Summers was ready enough to go, when she heard that Dr. Lester was there

to help them all out of the house. Indeed, Jack's strange cries, rousing her so suddenly from sleep, had given her an idea of great danger at hand, and she was willing to leave the house in spite of the rain. Mrs. Lester had sent water-proofs and shawls and blankets, and Jack waded back by the side of the procession through the water, with an umbrella to protect it as it passed across. A carriage took them all down to the Dermotts' house, and here Grace, to her joy, found her mother.

"And she is to spend the night with us," she explained to Hopestill; "we are all to stay here for the night."

Indeed, it seemed impossible to go farther; for the rain was falling in torrents, and the wind was raging among the trees by the side of the house.

Grace, however, did not heed the storm outside. Even Mrs. Summers was calmed and soothed, now that they were all cared for by so many friends; and Benny and the baby seemed hardly to know that they had been moved, they were so soon fast asleep again.

Dr. Lester went home, leaving some men and Jack to take care of the household, if any thing should be needed. Grace was too tired for questions.

"O mamma!" she whispered to her mother, "I believe I will never talk about my particular trials again. You have heard the last of them. I have learned now what hard trials others may have that I have known nothing about. And I do believe it is best of all to be the *middle one* of the family, with half of them older to take care of me, and the other half younger for me to play with."

She soon went to sleep in her mother's arms. She thought she heard a loud crashing sound. She believed it was part of a dream she was having, that the Ger-

shom house had been carried away by a freshet, and that she and Hopestill had only been saved. However, her mother had come, and caught them both safe in her arms.

But the next morning her mother called her to the window. The rain had ceased; there was a great blue sky over every thing, and the water was smooth and calm like a broad lake before the windows.

The Gershom house was still standing, — the greater part of it; but the storm of the night before had torn up a large elm on the other side, and it had fallen against the house, and crushed it in, in the very rooms where Grace and Hopestill had been sitting before, and where Mrs. Summers had been sleeping!

Grace shuddered as she looked, and flung her arms around her mother, and exclaimed: "O mamma, if papa had not come last night!"

Dr. Lester had come early from the village. He had hastened to them, for he had heard of the disaster. The New Dam had broken away.

"Yes, my dear Grace, we saved you only just in time," he said. "You may thank your faithful friend Mattie that you were preserved from a great disaster."

"Did Mattie tell you then?" cried Grace, "and what became of Jessie?"

"I cannot think of Jessie with any patience," said Dr. Lester. "I could not have conceived that any girl could be so selfish, so utterly thoughtless!"

The tears streamed from Grace's eyes. "She was my most intimate friend," she murmured.

"She has had something of a punishment," said Dr. Lester. "Gerald went out last night, as we feared you might be in the boat with her. He found her with her companions in the boat, in the middle

of the river, in a pouring rain. They were afraid to land on the opposite shore, on account of some men who were threatening them; and Sol Sykes really did not venture to row home for fear of his father's anger."

"Poor Jessie!" exclaimed Grace, "out in that rain! I was far more comfortable than that."

"She is to be pitied, indeed," said her father; "for Gerald says she was inconsolable, when she landed, to find she had ruined the scarlet feather in her hat. But I propose taking you and your mother home to breakfast. I brought a nurse to take care of Mrs. Summers, and we shall send some things up to make them comfortable; and, in a day or two, we will move them down town, — when we can find the right place."

"But, papa, but, mamma, do tell me about Mattie! and was it she who told you at last where I was? And what did you think of me all the afternoon?" asked Grace.

"We learned from Bridget, the cook at the Clares', that you had gone 'on a picnic' with Jessie," said Mrs. Lester; "for we sent to Jessie Clare's first. It seems the cook had fitted Dan Ellis out with a basket of lunch. I felt pretty anxious, especially after it began to rain, and Jack brought back the news that Dan Ellis had taken Jessie Clare out in the Sykes's boat, and they had been seen fishing up hen-coops in the river."

"How dreadful, mamma! but where was Mattie?" asked Grace.

"Clara had met her to tell her to go to her Aunt Julie's," said Mrs. Lester; "she was there all the afternoon, and when her uncle came home in the evening, he told her of the anxiety about you. She was to have spent the night with her aunt, but she declared she must come and tell us where you were. Her uncle says she would

have walked into town in the pouring rain if he had let her; but he brought her to us as quick as possible, and we were glad and anxious at once when we heard her story."

"She wanted to come out with us," said Dr. Lester; "but I left her at home, and went and told her of your safety last night, and again this morning. Her mother says she cried herself to sleep with her excitement."

"Ah!" exclaimed Grace, "my Odvardo! She is the true Crusader."

For The Dayspring.

THE TWO MABELS.

On tip-toe as she stood; her head
Was just above the table;
For she was only three years old, —
Our chubby little Mabel.

There, in a looking-glass, she saw
Another Mabel in it;
Said she, "I'll come and play with you,
If you will wait a minute."

The little girl within the glass
Smiled kindly back at Mabel;
And so she brought her own high chair,
To climb upon the table.

But, in her haste to reach the top,
She caught hold of the cover,
When chair and girl and looking-glass,
Together, all went over!

And when we ran to pick her up,
To speak when she was able,
She sobbed: "Where is the little girl
Who pushed me from the table?"

If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and, if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.



Written for The Dayspring by the Ladies' Commission.

LETTERS ABOUT BOOKS.

IV.

BOSTON, Oct. 10th.

MY DEAR HELEN, — Your cordial answer has encouraged me not a little. If you are so thoroughly interested in the matter, I surely ought to be able to meet you half-way with some help. Of course, I am glad to "count in" your friend; nothing could be pleasanter than to serve girls who, having minds of their own, mean to use them. Just yet, I have little time for thinking myself, being still busy in the autumn-settling and getting ready for winter; so this must be a short letter, and mostly about books I can speak of easily. I will begin by telling you of some stories fit for the two youngest of your group, because, I am sorry to say, there are few-est for them.

Of the books with short words and large type that the children can read for themselves, I think first of the "Little Susy Books," which have been great favorites with some little children I know. There are three of them: "Susy's Six Birthdays," "Susy's Six Servants," and "Susy's Six Teachers;" and they tell how a very little girl was taught by Love, and Joy, and Pain; and how she learned to control her hands and feet and tongue. And there are the Rosedale Books: "Rose, Tom, and Ned;" "Ida and Baby Bell;" and "Five Happy Children;" all simple stories of natural children, told in easy words. These are nice fat books, such as children are apt to prefer before they have learned that the best things are often in smallest packages. Of small ones, there is a set of "Holly Books," particularly pretty inside and out; and there is a thin "Leonard the Lion Heart," useful if there is any bragging

going on among the young ones. "Little Splendid's Vacation" is another small-child's story, whose naturalness, I thought, was proved by its effect on a young friend of mine, aged four, who looked up while he was listening to it, with a puzzled expression, and asked, "Mother, am I little Splendid?"

You may chance to find in your library Mrs. Follen's "Twilight Stories;" a bit old-fashioned, but interesting. But these will come into the list of books children will like to have read to them. And in this list I put two books by Mrs. H. C. Weeks, one or both of which, I think, appeared in "Our Young Folks:" the "Ainslee Stories," and "Grandpa's House;" the latter especially a bright, pleasant story of little children. Here, too, come "Henry and Bessie, and what they did in the country," and "Little Threads;" both by Mrs. Prentiss, who wrote the Susy Books.

There are some nice English books of the same kind, stories of children in town and country. Such are: "When I was a Little Girl," and "Nine Years Old," both by the same lady; and "Pollie and Jack," with nice pictures; "Worth a Three-Penny Bit," which has been published here as the "General's Grandchildren;" "Carrots, — Just a Little Boy." I think Elsie and Rob will not like these the less because some of the habits of the children and their parents may seem strange to them; they will like to know what little folks really do in other countries. And that reminds me of a very pretty story of a French boy, Jean Paul, and his little white mice; the book is called "Lady Green Satin and her maid Rosette," because those are the names of the mice.

There is, too, a little German story of "Mother Anne and her little Magpie;" and, if the children are already acquainted

with "The Seven Little Sisters, who Lived on a round Ball in the Air," they will be glad to know there is another book about them, called "Each and All," published last year. "Nursery Times" and "Story of our Doll" are English stories too; so is "Lottie's Visit to Grandma," very English, and very pretty too.

One good point in this last book is the perfectly natural and possible way in which Lottie and her cousin do something for others, not as well off as they.

If you have any sort of Children's Mission among you, or are connected with any city society of that sort, as some country Sunday schools are, you may be glad of stories that can interest children in such work. At any rate, there must be some sick or comparatively poor children within your reach, whom happy little ones might serve; and there are stories that put such thoughts into their heads in wise and pleasant ways. One such is "Home for the Homeless," in the Holly set already mentioned. Another is "The Two Heaps," and another, which I cannot now get hold of to look over, but remember with interest, is "Story of Himself, by Peter the Poor Boy." "Willie Herbert and his Six Little Friends" is of this sort; and another story about him, "Willie's Rest," seems to me a rare book to read to children, a little at a time, on Sunday, when you want just the right thing. They might not read it themselves, yet, if they were helped, might get from it some of the feeling about Sunday which such a mother as yours would wish them to have. And, if they learn verses at Sunday school, you may like to read to them some of the stories in "Watchwords for Little Soldiers," where each story illustrates a text.

Now I have certainly given you quite a list, though I am sorry I have not more of

the very little ones. I am sure to be reminded of others as the winter goes by. Some of these you may know already, and I should like to hear what the children think of them; of course, I do not expect them to like all equally well.

I have not spoken of some pretty illustrated books, "Little Rosy's Travels," "Jack the Conqueror," "Frisk and his Flock," "Pussy Tiptoe's Family," and the "Little Brown House," the three last by Mrs. Sanford, who wrote the Rose-dale Books, because they are too expensive for many Sunday schools. But it may be a word in season to suggest that they are just right for Christmas gifts; while for Ben, or Nannie either, there are books of the same style, but a little older in character, which we like thoroughly. I remember specially "Captain Wolf," "Paws and Claws," and "Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and Others in Neither."

I must stop, with no time for farewells; but must beg for a word, to know if this is the sort of thing you want, and what would you like next.

Your loving

AUNT ANNIE.

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

A LITTLE girl and her younger brother were on their way to the store one windy, frosty morning. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a sort of a cloak over her. As they walked briskly along, she drew the boy closer to her, and said: "Come under my cloak, Johnny." "It isn't big enough for both," replied he. "Then I will stretch it a little." And they were soon closely nestled together. What a lesson! How many shivering bodies and sad hearts there are, just because people do not stretch their comforts beyond themselves! — *Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

THE HOSPITAL FAIR.

ALTHOUGH Fanny and Edith Morrill were friends and near neighbors of John and Mabel Fay, they had not met for six months. This was because the Fays had been on a journey in Europe, and had but just returned; and this afternoon Fanny and Edith had come to see them, to welcome them home. You may imagine how much there was to tell about the voyage across the great ocean and travels in many countries; and so Mabel and John had chattered away for a long time, describing the sights in the wonderful foreign cities, when John, who was a truly polite boy, thoughtful of other people, said: "Why, Mabel, we have done all the talking, and I'm sure we want to know what has been going on here at home, and what Fanny and Edith are doing."

"Oh, yes," said Fanny; "we want to tell you, and we hope you will help us. I have been so interested in your travels that I quite forgot what we meant to speak of one of the very first things, didn't we, Edith?"

Edith only nodded and smiled; for she was a quiet child when her enthusiastic sister was at hand, and Fanny went on:—

"I'll tell you all about it. In 'The Dayspring,' last June, there was a story about a child who went to the New England Hospital, and was cured of a severe illness. I thought then I should like to go and see it; and, one day this summer, mother took me there. We went in an Egleston Square horse-car, and had but a few steps to walk."

"I shouldn't like to go there and see people suffering," said Mabel.

"Oh!" said Fanny, "that is the best of it. You almost forget they are ill, be-

cause you are so glad to see them made happy and comfortable. It all seems so homelike and airy, and the views from all the windows are lovely. Whenever the sun shines it must shine in at them.

"I was most interested in the children's ward. There was a little girl who had broken her arm, and she lay on a bed perfectly covered with all sorts of toys and books. There was one little baby who had a weak spine, and who had to wear a queer casing of plaster of Paris, like a jacket, and lie perfectly quiet. There was another, who had been ill-treated by a woman with whom its mother had boarded it, and he was so thin; but the nurse said that he was plump, compared to what he was when brought there weeks before,—they thought he could not live. Then there was a little boy hobbling about, whose leg had been so bent, when he came, that he had to use crutches; and they thought they could make it almost straight in time. The nurse was very kind to them; and their supper came up just as we were leaving, and looked very good."

"Why," said John, "you make it seem really pleasant."

"And so it was," said Fanny; "but you know it must take a great deal of money to take such good care of sick people, and some of them cannot pay their board, the matron told us; and, although people do give money, there was not enough to pay all the expenses; and so a Fair was to be held in December in Horticultural Hall. She said that twenty tables were promised, among them a children's table, where children might send articles for others to buy."

"Oh, good!" said Mabel. "I'd like to go! At most fairs they have nothing for children to buy, except candy, and that mother does not wish me to eat much.

Sometimes I've thought I could find some things for Christmas presents at a Fair; but I've walked about with my ten cent pieces in my hand, and could find nothing that cost less than twenty-five or fifty cents, and the pretty things were much more. Only grown-up people could buy those. They didn't seem to have thought of children at all. Of course, we didn't want to buy holders; we could make those ourselves, and they were almost the only thing for ten cents."

The children laughed at the idea of buying holders for presents, and then Fanny went on.

"I wanted to help; and, after thinking about it some time, I asked mother if she wouldn't give me some pieces of cambric, and let me have Susie, and Alice, and Ellen, to help me make up some dolls' clothes for other children to buy. She consented, and we began to work. My Uncle Horace heard of it, and one day he gave us some money to buy little dolls' hats to trim, and they are the *sweetest* things. Then the Allen girls wanted to join us; then Ellen's brother offered to help. You know he has a jig-saw, and he has made us some lovely brackets; and his friend, Tom May, has cut out pieces of pasteboard for us to cover for work-baskets; and some of our cousins have sent us things, and oh, you don't know how soon a box can be filled."

"Didn't you get tired of sewing, sometimes?" asked John.

"Yes, indeed," said even quiet Edith; "but mother told us it would teach us self-control to keep on doing what we were tired of, if for a good motive, and she encouraged and helped us."

"Come," said Fanny. "Won't you go right home with us now, to see the things?"

John and Mabel quickly gained their mother's consent to their going, and only

stopping to select some little articles from their treasures as their contribution, they were soon on their way to see what I will not further describe; for I hope you'll all go to the Hospital Fair, and see not only the contents of Fanny's box, but of many others sent by other children, and I'm sure you will enjoy it doubly, if you contribute something yourself.

For The Dayspring,

HOW THE HORSE-CHESTNUT LIVES.

I LIVE all alone, in the funniest house,
As snug and contented as any church-mouse;
I hear the rain pattering down on my roof, —
It never leaks in, for it's real water-proof.

I have but *one* room, and it's pretty small too, —
But then I don't have any housework to do;
I've plenty of neighbors, but none of them call;
My door is not opened from spring until fall.

Then Jack Frost comes 'round, with his sharp
little bill,
And pries my door open with hearty good-will;
The little boys greet me with laughter and shout,
When I and my neighbors come tumbling out.

I have not a table or chair in my house, —
But neither has rabbit, the bird, or the mouse;
I never keep servants, and neither would you,
If there were no housework for servants to do.

I'm always contented, and happy withal,
Though living in darkness from spring until fall;
I envy no one, neither dog nor the cat,
But all through the season I laugh and grow fat.

hear the birds sing and the little frogs peep,
Although I'm in darkness, I ne'er go to sleep;
I wonder sometimes what the noises can be,
But haven't a window through which I can see.

When early in autumn my door's open wide,
You'll see my brown coat shining brightly inside;
Then, boys, you may seize me, — I'm ready for
play:

But don't be mischievous, — that's all I shall say.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, November, 1878.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS for December contains five Lessons (XIV-XVIII.) of the Seventh Series. The subjects are: "The Prophet Isaiah," "The Parable of Jehovah's Vineyard," "The Better Time," "The Prophet Micah," and "Review." The Lessons on the Old Testament have proved very attractive, and the use of them has steadily increased. An edition of the Sixth Series, which was published in a neat volume early in the summer, and supposed to be large enough to meet the demand for years to come, has been entirely sold. The Seventh Series will be completed and offered in bound form in May next.

BOUND volumes of "The Dayspring" for 1878 are for sale at the office of publication, 7 Tremont Place, Boston. Price, *seventy-five cents*; to subscribers, *fifty cents*, with *ten cents additional* where the book is to be returned by mail. The volume contains stories by Miss Bartlett and Miss Hale, which are worth the price of the whole, and would be sold for more than that price if published separately.

A NUMBER of subscriptions for 1878 are still unpaid. We earnestly solicit all indebted to us to send at once the amount due.

A LITTLE boy, living on a pleasant farm in Kensington, N. H., was moved by reading a story in the June number of "The Dayspring" to make a box of articles for the "Children's Table" in the Hospital Fair, to be held in Boston, beginning the 2d of December. It shows what little farmer boys can do to aid a worthy charity. If every little reader of "The Dayspring" would contribute two or three articles, the "Children's Table" would be well supplied.

Puzzles.

EASY ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.

My 3, 7, 16, 10, 24, 17, was one of the apostles.

My 1, 8, 11, 5, 10, was his brother.

My 23, 9, 21, 11, 12, 2, 17, was another apostle.

My 25, 22, 3, 12, was in the ark.

My 19, 1, 5, 11, was a nephew of Abraham.

My 4, 12, 18, 20, 16, 10, 8, 25, were brought to Jesus for his blessing.

My 13, 6, 14, 16, we should all try to be.

My whole was sung by angels on the first Christmas morn.

PUZZLE.

Entire, I am a kind of grass;

Behead me, and I suit a lass;

Curtail me, and I name a thing

More precious far than wealth can bring;

Take off two letters more, and see, —

An interjecti in you make of me.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

I'll tell you a story about an old ———,

It is every word true, as I now will ———;

He thought of his dinner with spirits ———,

But trembled with rage when he found 't was too — —

And so not a bit of that dinner he —.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

Heaven.

RIDDLE.

Pine-apple.

PUZZLE.

Severn, Sever, Verse, Ever, Veer, Eve.

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